DYNAMITE®

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-SEVEN

HAPPY SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

DYNAMITEENTERTAINMENT.COM

7 25130 11304 7

$2.99

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-SEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover A (50%) by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Lettered by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Cover B (50%) by:
STEVE DILLON

The Boys Created By:
GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
888-COMIC-BOOK
comicshoplocator.com

THE BOYS, VOLUME 1 #27. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078.

Copyright © 2009 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT and its logo are ® & © 2009 DFI. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.

For information regarding media rights, foreign rights, promotions, licensing, and advertising please e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com

Printed in Canada.

PAUL KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE OF MY DAUGHTER GRACE.

HE WAS THE ONE WAS WITH HER.

TOOK HER INTO CRANBROOK FOR ICE CREAM.

LOVED SPENDIN' TIME WITH HER. SHE TRULY LIT HIM UP, HE SAID BEFORE SHE COME ALONG HE NEVER HAD ANY INTEREST IN KIDS, BUT NOW HE WAS GONNA FIND A GIRL AN' START A FAMILY OF HIS OWN.

SAID IF BEIN' AN UNCLE WAS THIS MUCH FUN, HE COULDN'T WAIT TO BE A FATHER.

...UNCLE PAUL.

YEAH.

TOOK HER FOR ICE CREAM, LIKE I SAY. PLACE WAS CALLED DESANO'S--IT'S LONG GONE, IT'S A SOUVENIR STORE NOW.

PAUL SAID HE FORGOT HIS CHANGE. WENT BACK INSIDE FOR IT, LEFT GRACE ON THE SIDEWALK WITH HER ICE CREAM.

SAID HE COULDN'T'VE BEEN LONGER'N THIRTY SECONDS...

BUT WHEN HE COME OUTSIDE SHE WAS GONE.

AN' WE NONE OF US EVER SAW HER AGAIN.

WHAT'D THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT SAY?

THAT THEY'D DO EVERYTHING THEY COULD. BUT NOBODY SAW NOTHIN' AN' NOBODY KNEW NOTHIN'. EVENTUALLY THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO SAY.

YOU'DA CARRIED ON GOIN' THROUGH THEM FILES YOU TALKED ABOUT, YOU'DA FOUND THE MISSIN' PERSONS REPORT. WOULDA FOUND PAUL'S NAME MENTIONED IN IT.

THIS WOULDA BEEN...?

'BOUT TWO YEARS 'FORE HE DIED.

I GUESS I KINDA OUTSMARTED MYSELF THERE.

MISTER WILHELM, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR DAUGHTER?

THOUGHT IT WAS PAUL YOU CAME HERE TO TALK ABOUT?

PART OF A BIGGER INVESTIGATION. FOLLOWIN' A LOTTA DIFFERENT THREADS.

I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP ON--

SHE HAS WHITE HAIR.

YES SHE DOES.

WAS SHE... WHAT...

SCARED HER SO BAD HER HAIR WENT WHITE OVERNIGHT.

HAD A PONY GO CRAZY ON HER WHEN SHE WAS RIDIN' IT, SHE WOULDA BEEN ABOUT EIGHT. DAMN THING RAN HER FIVE MILES BEFORE I COULD CATCH IT.

ONLY WAY IT DID AFFECT HER, THOUGH. SHE WAS LIKE THE SUN SHININ' IN THE MORNIN', SHE WAS SO FULLA LIFE.

SO FULLA LIFE.

HER BEIN' TAKEN, IT KILLED US. LEFT US DEAD BUT WALKIN' AROUND ANYHOW, SO MANY YEARS STRETCHIN' OUT AHEADA US WE DIDN'T WANT NO PART OF.

I STILL BELIEVE IT'S HOW THE CANCER GOT INTO ANNA, MY WIFE. AN' IT JUST TORE ME AN' PAUL APART.

I TRIED NOT TO BLAME HIM, IT COULDA HAPPENED TO ANY OF US. YOU'D THINK HOW YOU WOULD TURN YOUR HEAD A SECOND, FIGURIN' SHE'D STILL BE THERE WHEN YOU LOOKED BACK...

BUT I COULDN'T EVEN ***LOOK AT*** PAUL WITHOUT THINKIN'... THINKIN' THE THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO ME.

HE HAD THE SAME THOUGHTS, EATIN' HIM UP FROM THE INSIDE OUT. ONE DAY, 'BOUT A YEAR AFTER IT HAPPENED, HE GOT IN HIS CAR AN' DROVE OFF AN' NEVER CAME BACK.

YEAR AFTER THAT, THE SHERIFF COME BY TO TELL ME THEY FOUND HIM DEAD IN ARIZONA.

I'M SORRY.

I APOLOGISE FOR TROUBLIN' YOU WITH THIS. I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT.

IT KILLED US.

THIS IS THE FAMILY PLACE. WE USED TO FARM IT TOGETHER, PAUL AN' ME.

BUT THAT WAS NEAR TO THIRTY YEARS AGO.

YOU STILL FARM?

NO.

WHAT DO YOU DO?

I DON'T KNOW.

LOU LOO
HAPPY FOCKIN' SAINT PATRICK'S DUUUUUULLLLLLKKK!!
WE GOTTA GO NOW

part five

BLOWCHOWSKIIII!

SPREAD HAM, BITCHES!!

YO, HUGHIE! THIS SHIT MAKIN' YOU HOMESICK?

THIS IS WHAT IRISH LOOKS LIKE

HOMESICK...?

YEAH, LIKE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, DUDE! LIKE BACK IN THE FUCKIN' OLD COUNTRY!

WELL, I'M ACTUALLY SCOTTISH, JAMAL--

HUH?

I MEAN WE DO HAVE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN GLASGOW, AYE...BUT WHAT WE HAVE MOSTA THE TIME IS JUST THE RANGERS AN' CELTIC BOYS TRYNNA KICK THE FUCK OUTTA EACH OTHER...

HUH?

...

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, MATE.

JUST LIKE HOME.

BLOWCHOWSKIIIII!!

the GRASSY KNOLL

SO HAVE THEY RUMBLED HIM OR NOT, FRENCHIE?

DIFFICILE DE DIRE.

LES HOMMES DU G DO NOT SEEM TO CARE. CRITTER HAS MENTIONED NOTHING NEW FROM VOUGHT.

YEAH, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'.

NON.

C'EST TROP DANGEREUX, I THINK. BEST TO PULL PETIT HUGHIE OUT NOW.

AN' HOPE THEY DON'T PANIC AN' SWEEP FOR BUGS, YEAH.

HANG ON A TIC, FRENCHIE--

NO IRISH!!

BUT IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S DAY!

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! NO IRISH!

B-B-BUT *YOU'RE* IRISH...!

KISS ME

OFF WE GO THEN--

NIGHT IS BUT YOUNG--

...PLAY THE WILD ROVER, NO NEVER, NO MORE...

RIGHT, FRENCHIE, KEEP ON 'EM AN' LET ME KNOW WHAT OCCURS. ALL RIGHT. CHEERS, SON.

'NOTHER CLUB SODA, PROINSIAS, WHENEVER YOU GET THE CHANCE...

SURE.

ONE DAY AT A TIME, EH, BILLY?

ONE DAY AT A TIME, MATE.

DIS IS DA BEST NOIGHT O' ME FOCKIN' LOIFE...!

DUDE, THAT MOTHERFUCKER IS *TRASHED*...

SO RANDALL, YOU KNOW, UH...YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WERE SAYIN' ABOUT LEARNIN' HOW NORMAL PEOPLE LIVE?

HUH?

LIKE THAT'S WHY YOUS ALL LIVE IN THE FRAT INSTEADA THE G-HOUSE, MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS YOU TO LEARN--

YEAH...

AYE, 'CAUSE THE WAY YOUS LIVE, LIKE? IT *ISN'T.*

SHIT, HUGHIE, WHO GIVES A FUCK? WE DON'T HAVE TO *BE* LIKE THEM, WE JUST HAVE TO LEARN... YOU KNOW...

THE RULES?

YEAH, I GUESS. IT'S SAINT PATRICK'S NIGHT, DUDE, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PARTY...!

I MEAN--SEE, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU, HUGHIE. YOU DIDN'T COME UP WITH US, YOU'RE LIKE FROM OUTSIDE...

'CAUSE THE G-MEN DIDN'T ADOPT ME WHEN I WAS WEE?

WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOIN' IN THERE?

YEAH, SO LIKE WE'VE BEEN IN G-WIZ ALL OUR LIVES, ALL WE EVER KNEW WAS WE WERE GONNA BE G-MEN. I MEAN WE LIKE YOU, DUDE, DON'T BE SWEATIN' THAT OR ANYTHING...

SO IS IT THE TRAININ', OR SOMETHIN'? 'CAUSE I'M STARTIN' OLDER?

IT'S JUST...

DIFFERENT.

NOTRE DAME FIGHTIN' IRISH

JUST DIFFERENT.

HAGG--HAGG--HAGG--HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!!

DUDE...!

MEN

DIES

C'MON, HUGHIE--!

UH--I JUST *WENT,* ACTUALLY, RANDALL--

GET ME CAMERA...!

GET A PHOTO FOR DA BOYS BACK IN RATHDRUM, *HAGG--HAGG--HAGGGLLLGGGLLLGGG!*

AHA! AHA HA HA! L-L-L-L-*AHA HA HA HA HA!!*

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THE BOY'S SO WASTED HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT PLANET HE'S ON...

L-L-L-L-*LISTEN--!*

LET'S FUCKIN' *JIZZ ON HIM,* DUDE...!

UH-- SEE YOU LATER--

BLOWCHOWSKIIIIII!!!

...I MEAN I COULD GO OUT THERE NO PROBLEM, YEH KNOW?

AN' ASSUMIN' I DIDN'T KILL SOME PLASTIC PADDY OR DROWN SOME CUNT IN HIS OWN GREEN FUCKIN' BEER, I MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE A HALF DECENT TIME. I DOUBT I'D HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTIN' ME HOLE...

NO.

BUT I KNOW WHAT'D HAPPEN. I'D FEEL THE STAGE IRISHMAN TAKIN' OVER, AN' I'D BE TOO FAR GONE TO STOP MESELF. AN' THEN IT'D BE...

WELL, YEH KNOW WHAT IT'D BE, DON'T YEH?

DO I EVER, MATE.

D'YOU HAVE TOSSERS COMIN' IN ASKIN' FOR A SHAMROCK IN THE HEAD?

HEH. I GOT QUITE GOOD AT WRITIN' ***FUCK OFF*** IN IT, YEH CAN GET A FAIR BIT O' CONTROL WI' THE TAP...

SOLD.

PINT O' GUINNESS WI' FUCK OFF IN THE HEAD.

PLEASE.

COMIN' RIGHT UP...

IT'S LIKE FUCKIN' ***GREEN HELL*** OUT THERE.

THIS IS MAKIN' ME FEEL OLD.

I MEAN NOT SO LONG AGO I'D'VE BEEN OUT THERE MYSELF, ACTIN' THE PRICK LIKE THE RESTA THEM. NOT ON SAINT PADDY'S, LIKE, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA.

BUT NOW... I DUNNO. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN THE PAST YEAR, LIKE.

THE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT.

SOMETIMES THINK IT'S WHAT KEEPS ME FEELIN' YOUNG, MATE.

YOU'RE OUT, BY THE WAY.

DID FRENCHIE CONFIRM?

NOTHIN' DEFINITE. BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK, IT'S TOO DODGY WITH VOUGHT SNIFFIN' AROUND.

AN' YOU'VE PUSHED YOUR LUCK FAR ENOUGH ALREADY.

HOW SO?

TALKIN' ABOUT THE RESURRECTION THING IN FRONTA GODOLKIN, THAT WAS NOT BRIGHT. I KNOW THESE CUNTS SEEM LIKE THEY'RE LIVIN' IN CLOUD CUCKOO-LAND HALF THE TIME, BUT THEY NOTICE THINGS.

YOU DISAPPEAR AN' WE HOPE THEY LEAVE IT AT THAT, ALL RIGHT?

WILL IT NO' BE MORE SUSPICIOUS IF I DO PISS OFF?

DON'T CARE.

BUT ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO, PUTTIN' THE BUGS IN...

NO, HUGHIE.

AYE, RIGHT.

IT'S A SHAME, 'CAUSE...I'VE BEEN TALKIN' TO A COUPLE O' THE G-WIZ LADS, AN' I WISH I COULDA SPENT A BIT MORE TIME WI' THEM. I WAS STARTIN' TO WONDER IF SOMEONE'D MAYBE DONE A BIT OF A NUMBER ON THEM.

OR MAYBE IT'S MORE WHAT'S *NO'* BEEN DONE. IT'S LIKE THEY'VE NO' BEEN TAUGHT ANY BOUNDARIES, THEY THINK THEIR BODIES AN' OTHER FOLK'S BODIES'RE JUST *TOYS.*

I MEAN THEY'VE ENOUGH SENSE NO' TO GET CAUGHT IN PUBLIC, BUT THEY'VE NEVER BEEN GIVEN ANY IDEA O' WHAT'S... WHAT'S SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE...

BLIMEY, HUGHIE. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO.

HMH.

I'VE BEEN LIVIN' IN AMERICA FOR TOO LONG, THAT'S WHAT. COMIN' OFF WI' STUFF LIKE *BOUNDARIES* AN' *SEXUALLY APPROPRIATE* WITHOUT EVEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT.

MOOT POINT, ANYWAY. YOU'RE OUT.

HAD M.M. ON THE PHONE YESTERDAY. HE'S COMIN' AT THE G-MEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, HE RECKONS HE'S MAKIN' PROGRESS.

DID HE SAY HOW?

NAH. BUT IF HE'S GOT HIS TEETH INTO SOMETHIN' IT'LL BE WORTH IT. HE DON'T FUCK AROUND, OL' MOTHER'S MILK.

S'POSE NO'.

I ASK YOU SOMETHIN'?

DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

WHAT'D YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAID WE HAD ACCESS TO THE SEVEN? YOU WERE TALKIN' ABOUT BUGGIN' THE G-MEN'S PLACE, AN' YOU SAID WE DIDN'T'VE ACCESS TO THE SEVEN...

WHY, YOU WORRIED BAGPIPE MIGHT HAVE TO JOIN THE BIG LEAGUES?

SO HOW DID WE GET THE BUGS BACK IN AFTER--

FUCK ME, HAVE WE GOT SOMEONE ON THEIR BASE?

SO LONG AS I'M GRANTIN' YOUR THREE WISHES, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU'RE WONDERIN' ABOUT?

THERE'S ABOUT A *MILLION* BLOODY THINGS...!

BUT.

THERE WAS SOMETHIN' THE LEGEND SAID TO ME.

HE SAID...WI' THE SEVEN, LIKE, HE SAID IT WASN'T REALLY ABOUT MANAGEMENT WI' THEM.

DID HE REALLY...!

HE SAID IT WAS MORE LIKE THEY WERE THE TARGET.

AN' THERE WAS SOMETHIN' ELSE, TOO.

HE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW THE HOMELANDER WAS BORN. NOT THAT SHITE ABOUT LANDIN' IN A ROCKET, THE TRUTH.

A V-ED UP FOETUS.

IMPLANTED IN A WOMAN.

KILLIN' HER AT BIRTH.

GONNA BE A QUESTION ANYTIME SOON?

...NO.

NO, THERE'S NO'.

FORGET IT.

...YOU JUS' THE TYPE A' COCKTEASIN' CUNT MAKE LIKE SHE GONNA FUCK A FINE YOUNG NIGGA LIKE 2-KOOL, AN' THEN BUST A *CAP* IN HIS UNSUSPECTIN' ASS...

WHAT?! BITCH, YOU PROB'LY JUS' PULLED YO' CRUSTY-ASS OL' PUSSY OVER HIS HEAD AN' *SUFFOCATED* THAT POOR MUTHAFUCKA...!

SKANKY-ASS MUTHAFUCKIN' HO, I'M'A RIP THEM BIG FLABBY TITTIES *OFF* YO' ASS--

MUTHAFUCKA, YOU STEP TO ME I'M'A SEND YOU WHERE YOU SENT *2-KOOL*--

WHERE *WE* SENT HIM? NIGGA, *PLEASE*--

WHO THE FUCK WAS *YOU* TO MY NIGGA 2-KOOL, BITCH...?

NO YOU DID'N! OH, NO-NO-NO YOU *DID'N!*

YO' NIGGA? WHAT THE FUCK YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, 2-KOOL WOULDNA USED A FOOL LIKE YOU TO WIPE HIS *DICK* ON--

I'M'A FUCK YOU *UP*, COCKSUCKA--

ALL YOU DOIN'S TRYNNA FUCK MY *ASS*, FAGGOT--

SO MUCH FOR LEADERSHIP. I'M STARTING TO THINK SILVER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.

HMH.

YOU KNOW ONE OF THESE ASSHOLES SAID SOMETHING TO SOMEONE LAST YEAR?

SERIOUSLY?

WITH SOME HOOKER, BROKE DOWN, STARTED BLUBBERING. WOKE UP THE NEXT MORNING AND REALISED WHAT HE'D DONE.

GIRL WAS LONG GONE, BUT AT LEAST HE HAD THE SENSE TO TELL THE OTHERS...

WHO, FOR GOD'S SAKE...?

THE RUNT IN G-COAST, HOMEFRY, I THINK THEY CALL HIM. ***EMELLKAY*** HAD ***5X5*** ADMINISTER A LITTLE LESSON IN DISCRETION.

JESUS.

THEY GOT THE WHORE TOO, OF COURSE. HAD TO BRING VOUGHT IN TO FIND HER, SO YOU CAN GUESS HOW THAT WENT OVER.

YOUR SHOT.

YEAH.

DO YOU EVER THINK THAT?

WHAT?

THAT SILVER MIGHT'VE... MIGHT'VE TAKEN THE SMART WAY OUT?

IT'S JUST... I SEE THOSE KIDS IN G-WIZ, FIGURING OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH...WHAT WE HAD TO.

AND... I...

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

I THINK THE LIFE'S PRETTY SWEET-- MOST OF THE TIME-- AND THE MONEY'S FUCKING AWESOME. IF THE WORST THAT HAPPENS IS SOME DICK LIKE *O'HERO* GOES OFF THE RAILS NOW AND THEN, AND JOHN HAS US TAKE HIM DOWN? SO BE IT.

THE OTHER STUFF IS WHAT IT IS. YOU COPE.

AND IF I EVER *DID* OFF MYSELF, SHIT, I'D LIKE TO THINK I'D FIND SOMEWHERE PRIVATE AND NOT BE SO FUCKING SELFISH...

AS FOR SILVER? I HOPE SHE'S IN HELL WITH A BURNING SPIKE UP HER TWAT.

YOUR SHOT.

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE?

AYE.

FUCKSAKE, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?

I'M ALL FOR A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET PISHED, BUT D'YOU THINK ANY O' THESE GUYS'VE EVER ***BEEN*** TO IRELAND...?

GOT FUCK ALL TO DO WITH IRELAND, MATE.

OH AYE?

ALL TO DO WITH AMERICA.

"LOOK AT ME, I'M IRISH. I'VE GOT ME OWN SPECIAL DAY. I'VE GOT CULTURE AN' HISTORY AN' A BIG FUCKIN' ***GANG,*** I'VE GOT ALL THESE THINGS MAKE ME DIFFERENT FROM YOU."

OR ITALIAN, OR LATINO, OR AFRICAN, OR KOREAN OR CHINESE OR JAPANESE--'COS THE BLEEDIN' WORLD'LL END IF SOMEONE GETS THE THREE A' THEM MIXED UP--AN' LET' NOT FORGET THE ALL-TIME CLASSIC, "OH, I'M ONE-EIGHTEENTH CHEROKEE"...

YEAH?

THAT RIGHT?

WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, 'COS YOU ALL SOUND LIKE YANKS TO ME...

YOU SOUND LIKE THE PEOPLE I GREW UP WATCHIN' IN THE MOVIES.

AN' THAT SUITS ME DOWN TO THE GROUND.

AYE, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU THOUGH, ISN'T IT?

HOW SO?

WELL I MEAN...YOU'RE ENGLISH. YOU LOT SPENT THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS KICKIN' THE SHIT OUTTA EVERYBODY ELSE, YOU'VE FUCK ALL LEFT TO PROVE TO ANYONE.

TRUE. ON THE OTHER HAND, WE DID START AMERICA.

IT'S JUST THE ONE THING THAT'S ALWAYS WOUND ME UP A BIT ABOUT THE SEPTICS. I MEAN IF YOU'RE THAT DESPERATE TO BE THAT DIFFERENT FROM THE BLOKE WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR...

I DUNNO.

LOOK AT THAT. WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S, UH...

IT'S A GREEN PLASTIC BOWLER HAT FILLED WI' SICK...

MY POINT EXACTLY.

HAPPY SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, HUGHIE.

next: LEAVING! WHAT A GOOD IDEA!